

...with pray-
...the muddy street,
...sing their throats all raw,
...I don't go much on the sympathies,
...I would have just the thing
...ap like me.

KILL OR CURE.

A Story of the American Civil War.

"The Major is a capital fellow, Doctor," I said, as we sauntered out to smoke our cigars in the garden, after an early dinner, "but he ought to be more merciful to our wretched bachelors. What with his charming wife and that exemplary baby, he makes it difficult to respect the tenth commandment."

"You admire Mrs. Layton?"

"Admire her! If she were not Charlie's wife I should fall head over heels in love with her. I have seen fairer faces, but for dear, pretty delicate womanly ways I never met her equal."

"You couldn't stand under a man's thirsting for her blood."

"Good gracious! A wretch who could touch one of her golden hairs roughly deserves to be crucified."

"And yet for many days she was in deadly peril of her life."

"For her fortune?"

"She had none."

"Don't tell me, Doctor, that an innocent creature like that could give anyone cause for revenge."

"No; I won't tell you anything of the sort."

"I think I see. Some one was madly in love with her."

"If you were to guess till this day out you would not find the cause," said my friend. "Let us sit down here, and I will explain. It's no secret; I wonder the Major has not told you."

"Down here" was on a rustic seat that the Major's pretty wife had made at the end of his garden, close to where a little rill, soon to be lost in the blue Hudson, tinkled its way through the grounds.

"During the war," began the Doctor, "I served in the army in the same regiment with an old schoolmate. He was as fine a soldier as ever drew sword; hale, hearty, and sound in mind and body; eager to see service, and he saw plenty. I thought that he bore a charmed life, till one day he was carried into the hospital tent by a bad way. A ball had entered the shoulder, glanced on the clavical (what you call the collarbone), and had gone—somewhere. That was all we could tell, for there was no other officer; but whether it had passed up or down or taken some erratic course round about, such as balls will take, we knew not, and no probing could find out. Well, he recovered, went North to regain strength, and for nearly three years I lost sight of him. When the war was over, and when I had begun to practice as a civilian in New York, I met him again. But how changed! He was a living skeleton, and I saw in a moment that he had become habituated to opium. Do you know what that means? No? Well, throw a bucket of water into a piano, and then light a fire under it, and its strings will not be more out of tune than an opium-smoker's nerves are out of order. He asked me if he might call on me at my office, and of course I assented; but it was days before he came, and when he did arrive I knew that he had been preparing himself for a fight with himself. Some foolish patients come prepared to hide the truth, some to magnify their ills. It is part of our business, in serious cases, to examine a man's mind before we ask about his body, and hardened as a surgeon must be, I confess that the condition of my poor friend frightened me. There was an expression in his eyes that I had never seen in any sane being, and what made this worse, was the calm, business-like manner in which he spoke. He told me that soon after he had (apparently) recovered from his wound he began to suffer from pains in his head, which increased in severity till he became so agonizing that he had recourse to opiates to alleviate them. 'But I have not come to consult you about this,' he said; 'this I can bear—must bear. Would to God that they were always tearing me! The worst is when they are not.'

"They leave you very weak?" I suggested.

"They leave me," he replied, quite calmly, "with a burning, all but unconquerable, desire to take human life."

"I am not generally a nervous man, but I started, and looked round me for some weapon of defense. A sad smile, 'the it is not on me now. I should not have come if it had been. I have been nearly starved once or twice, not daring to leave my room. I can conquer my madness now; the question is, how long I can continue to do so. I feel that it is growing upon me. I feel my power of resistance becoming weaker and weaker; the craving for blood getting stronger and stronger. I am like a man who has shipped over a precipice, and feels the earth and shrubs to be clinging, slowly, slowly, surely, giving way with him. I have been wretched cures out of the street and called them in my frenzy in the exhaust it on them. It is no more than human life." I inquired, 'or human life?' I inquired, 'or human life?' I inquired, 'or human life?'

"Why do you ask this, Doctor?" he cried, getting suddenly excited.

"No matter; go on."

"Sometimes," he resumed, "it seems that any life would do; and sometimes—Doctor, four days before I saw you I met upon a New Jersey ferryboat a young girl. So pretty, so refined, and nice! I followed her to her home—the devil that has taken possession of me led me. She went in, and soon came out again into her little garden, and tended her flowers—poor child! Doctor, if I had a pistol with me I should have shot her. You may smile; but some day soon I shall take a pistol on purpose and shoot her."

"It was clearly no use arguing with him. The best way with such people is to admit their facts and try to work round them."

"Then," said I, "the only thing you can do is to submit to the restrictions of an asylum till this feeling has passed."

"It will not pass. If I were to go to a madhouse I should shiver with fear. Sooner or later their vigilance over me would be relaxed. Then I should murder my keeper and go straight for that innocent girl."

"Then leave the country."

"Well, that would save her; but, Doctor, one life is as dear to its holder as another. If I don't kill her I shall kill some one else."

"My dear fellow," I replied, in as light a tone as I could assume, "these fancies are curable. Put yourself under skilled medical treatment. You are all to bits, physically. Get sound in body, you'll get all right in mind."

"On the contrary, I am all to bits, as you say, mentally, and my body suffers through my mind. Medical treatment! I have consulted every practitioner of note here and in Europe. Some think I am fooling them; some look wise, and talk as you do about treatment. All have failed. Doctors are no use to me."

"Then may I ask why you have come here?"

"To ask your advice as a friend," he answered, drawing his chair nearer to me, "and lowering his voice, 'to ask you one question as a friend and a God-fearing man, and to which I pray you give me a plain yes or no.'

"Go on."

"Feeling as I feel, shall I be justified before God in taking my own life? Will it be deadly sin for me to do for myself what I would do for a mad dog?"

"I repeat his words as he spoke them. I cannot give you the faintest idea of the solemn deliberation with which he put this awful question. For some moments I could not say a word. Then I started up and told him that I would not answer him yes or no—that it was not fair to ask me to take such a responsibility. Then he rose, too, and said that he must resolve it for himself, and I saw plainly which way it would go. 'Give me till to-morrow to think about it,' I said, detaining him.

"To-morrow may be too late," he replied. 'The fit may come upon me to-night for all I know.'

"Come home with me; I'm not afraid. You won't hurt me; I said."

"I would try very hard not to do so—but—I know myself. I cannot trust myself. Don't you trust me."

"I will trust you; but I'll do more. You are not armed, I suppose?"

"No," he replied with a shudder, "not now."

"I'll take care that you shall not be, and I'll carry my Derringer in my pocket. On the first indication of homicidal mania, I give you my word I'll shoot, and I'll shoot straight." I said this to satisfy him, poor fellow! In his weak state I could have laid him down like a child. It did satisfy him, and we went home together. I led him to talk of our old soldiering days, and gradually got him back to his wound. I made him describe the first sensations of pain in his head, and repeat all that his different medical advisors had said. I happened to have a strong preparation of hashish by me. I gave him a dose, and while under its influence, I carefully examined his head. Now, the head, you must know, does not fatten or waste away in proportion to other parts of the body. Still his head became mere skin and bone; and this state, perhaps, gave me an advantage over others who had made the same examination. At last I felt, or thought I felt, a faint twitching—a sort of abnormal pulsation—about two inches above the left ear, it might be merely nervous, but it might be the ball.

"I then set my mind to work and thought the whole case over steadily. In the first place, was that impulse to take human life, of which my poor friend had spoken, really uncontrollable? For example, suppose that one day he did take a pistol 'on purpose,' and go to that young lady's garden—would he shoot her? To suppose that the insane mind never changes its purpose, or turns from the full completion of its purpose, is to say in other words that the insane mind is stronger than the sane mind. If a man with a freshly broken leg were to tell you he was going to run a foot race, you would not believe him, because your common sense revolts against the idea of his running with a leg disabled. But if one with his brain disabled declares that he is going to do something dependent upon the action of his mind, common sense does not always argue so well."

"In the second place, did my poor friend, with his impaired means of judgment believe that the impulse was uncontrollable? Because if he did the deed would be the same so far as he was concerned. He would sacrifice his own life to protect that of others, though they were in no actual danger."

"In the third place, might not this story of the impulse be a mere pretense to excuse the commission? Now, there are no forms of madness more obscure in their origin, more difficult to detect, more persistent, and more fatal than suicidal mania; and as there have been numerous cases in which persons who have destroyed themselves having carefully prepared evidence tending to show that their death was accidental, why should their death not be one in which the fatal act was to be (so far as possible) justified?"

"In the fourth place, granting that there was either real or homicidal mania or fancied homicidal mania tending to suicidal, or simply the latter, was there a possibility of cure?"

"As the three first questions rested for their solution on one set of facts and the deductions to be drawn therefrom, I consider them together. A victim of suicidal mania rarely, if ever, speaks of suicide. When a man says he is going to drown himself, you may generally direct him to the cars that will take him to the river side with the fullest conviction that he will not breakfast with crabs. If, in an exceptional case, suicide is mentioned, it will either be treated lightly as an act that is not a crime, or the patient will be very earnest in his assurances that he would never commit it. Remembering my poor friend's manner, I noticed that he spoke of taking his own life with much more emotion than he evinced when he told me of the impulse to shed the blood of others. His words: 'I must have human life; if I had had a pistol with me I should have shot her; some day soon I shall take a pistol on purpose and shoot her; I should murder my keeper and go straight for that innocent girl,' were spoken as calmly as though he said, 'I owe \$5, and must go and pay them'; and, at the same time, with a tone of deep commiseration for the predestined victims. They were to die for no fault of their own, but they were doomed to death—if he lived. When, on the other hand, he spoke of saving their lives at the sacrifice of his own, his manner was changed. No one afflicted with suicidal mania ever treated self-destruction with the horror, the consciousness of its wickedness, and the religious doubts as to its being pardonable under any circumstances, with which he considered it. He had never once spoken of murder as a crime."

"After a long and careful consideration, I came to the following conclusions: 'He is not laboring under suicidal mania. His impulse is real, and will have fatal results. Confinement in an asylum would have no curative effect. Then I took down my books bearing upon the anatomy of the human head."

"The next morning I addressed him thus: 'Before I answer you as to whether you would be justified before God under the impulse you have told me of, in taking your own life to save that of another, you must answer me several questions.'

"Go on," he said.

"When you consulted those doctors, did you tell them all you have told me?"

"No; I did not dare. I said that I had horrible thoughts and cravings, but without entering into details as to what they were. Once I went so far as to say that I feared I was becoming dangerous, and the fool smiled."

"Good. Did you ever speak of searching for that ball?"

"Yes; they said it might be the cause of my sufferings, supposing it had lodged near the brain, but that no one would take the responsibility of searching for it—so to speak—in the dark."

"They were right; the operation might kill you and the ball not be found after all."

"He looked up, and the dull, dejected look that had become habitual passed from his face."

"And even if it were found, I went on, 'its extraction might cause your death all the same.'

"He had his hand on my arm and tried to speak, but he could not."

"Still it would give you a chance—just a chance of more than life." His grasp tightened. I could feel his heart beating. "And submitting to such an operation, almost hopeless though it be—would not be quite suicide?"

"He fell on his knees and sobbed like a child. 'You'll do it?' he cried; 'God Almighty bless you! You'll do it?'

"Well," said my friend, lighting a fresh cigar, "to make my story short, I did it with the assistance of a young surgeon, whose nerve I could trust. We found that miserable piece of lead near where I had suspected it to be. It was just a case of touch and go. Had my knife wavered twice the breadth of its own edge—had the assistant been unsteady with the forceps—it would have been fatal. I don't want to appear vain of my success—so I'll say no more than this—'recovered.'

"And hasn't killed anybody?"

"No, and doesn't want to."

"By Jove! I wouldn't be too sure of that. And so the girl he wanted to murder married the Major?"

"She did."

"Then, if I were her husband, I'd take precious good care that your interesting patient didn't come into the same State with her."

"My dear fellow, if you were her husband you'd do exactly as her husband does."

"Does he know?"

"None better."

"And doesn't care?"

"Not a bit."

"Then he's a brute."

"You'd better tell him so; here he comes."

"Does she know?"

"She does."

"And she's not afraid?"

"No."

"One other question. Does your interesting patient still live in this country?"

"He does."

"In what State?"

"This State."

"Near here?"

"Very near."

"Then with all possible deference for our friend, the Major, I think he is very foolish. Were I in his place I should say, 'My good sir, I admit that the ball from which you suffered so long cannot get back into your brain, but I am by no means sure that the ideas it engendered may not return. At any rate, your presence near my wife is likely to make her nervous, and I appeal to you as a gentleman to locate yourself in some other part of the country. If you do so I shall have the highest respect for you; if you do not, and ever have the misfortune to pass within a mile of my house, the interior of your skull will become more intimately acquainted with ever with lead in the usual form.'

"Very neatly put," said the doctor, "but our friend does not think of committing suicide now."

"Merely, doctor," I cried, "you don't

mean to say the man who wanted to murder the Major's wife is—is—"

"The Major himself. Yes, sir."

Garfield on Journalism.

The Hon. James A. Garfield, member of Congress from Ohio, has been a college president, a lawyer, a general, and a politician; and now, in a Congressional speech, he essays to become a critic of newspaper art. Despite the fact that Political leaders, as a rule, are unwise whenever they attempt to indicate how a newspaper should be managed, Mr. Garfield has approached the subject philosophically. If he had really known anything about the practical workings of journalism, he would more nearly have touched the truth; and in fact, if we take his description of journalism, not as what the latter ought to be, but as it really is, he may not be so very wrong, after all.

Mr. Garfield thinks that the thousands and weekly newspapers of the country are far more truly the photographs of the public mind than the great daily journals are.

The "city editor," as Mr. Garfield chooses to call the editor of a metropolitan journal, is likely to make his newspaper a mere reflex of his personal opinions. There can, of necessity, be very few men in New York, or in the country at large, whose individual opinions on any and every subject the people will choose to buy.

What opinion, then, is of most worth? Mr. Garfield says the opinion of the country editor, because he sees everybody in his county, and he will naturally reproduce their sentiment. And we are inclined to accept Mr. Garfield's belief. In a multitude of counselors there is wisdom. Your man of one idea, whom Mr. Phillips praises, may be a good reformer, but he would make a bad editor. Given a man of considerable understanding, with an original pen, and a crowd to back him, and he will make a better journalist than Thomas Carlyle would.

In these days of independent journalism it may sound like bigotry to say that one believes in the good old-fashioned doctrine that a paper should be representative. But Mr. Garfield is right. Crowd journalism is more likely to represent the truth than an expression of individual opinion is. In opposition to this statement the Washington Republican says that William Lloyd Garrison, with public opinion against him, was the founder of the Republican party. On the contrary, William Lloyd Garrison, manful as he was, had no political influence, until the Republican party, maddened against the South, and seeing its peculiar institution weak and prominent for attack, hurled slavery into the past. Garrison and Republicanism never touched until the day of Lincoln's proclamation.

Some men are naturally sensitive to public thought. Horace Greeley was called an Eolian harp upon which every gentle sentiment made music. William Cobbett was representative because he lived the daily life of the masses, very much as monks assume a saintly temper by looking at nothing but the heavens. Voltaire was popularly strong because France was a century in producing him. He himself was France. No editor can be great without representing his community.

We can no better end than we began this article, by saying that Mr. Garfield's estimate of journalism is correct. The country weekly papers represent the public mind. They come to us laden with stories of defalcations by country officials, of the clamor of the people against unjust extortions and of country criticisms on nominations of local officers by the controlling powers. —Frank Leslie's Newspaper.

Encouragement of Tree-Planting.

The people of Iowa are fully alive to the importance, if not absolute necessity, of counteracting the decimation of forests by a judicious system of tree-planting, and the State Horticultural Society has designated the 20th day of April, 1874, and the same day each succeeding year, as general arbor day throughout the State. It will be devoted to planting of trees and seeds of trees to form permanent groves for ornament. Premiums are offered for the largest number planted and living, the count to be taken the last day of October next succeeding the original planting of trees. A full compliance with the rules must be made, to secure premiums. For greatest number planted, of all kinds, \$50; second, \$20; third, \$10; for the greatest number of evergreens, large, \$20; second, \$10; third, \$5; for the greatest number of all kinds planted by one person without assistance, \$10; second, \$5; third, \$4; for the greatest number planted by a boy or girl not over sixteen years of age, \$10; second, \$5; third, \$4; greatest number of ash trees planted, \$10; second, \$5; greatest number of non-bearing trees, including oaks, \$10; second, \$5; greatest number of elms and maples, to include box elder and ash-leaf maples, \$10; second, \$5; greatest number of soft wood deciduous trees, basswoods, cottonwoods, willow, and other than poplars, birches, etc., \$10; second, \$5; for the greatest number of trees not native to Iowa, \$10.

Other States in the West would do well to imitate the example set by the Iowa horticulturists.

A Ready Reply.

One of the ready replies we have heard lately was made by an Irish laborer. A gentleman traveling on horseback, "Down East," came upon an Irishman, who was fencing in a most barren and desolate piece of land. "What are you fencing in that lot for, Pat?" said he, "a herd of cattle would starve to death on that land." "And sure, yer honor, wasn't I fencin' it in to kape the poor bastes out of it?"

PITIABLER.—There are two classes of persons in every community who are entitled to the commiseration of all good hearted people—those who belong to the under-current, or are regarded with contempt, or those who belong to the over-current, and regard everybody and everything round them with contempt. Each class ought to colonize in a more congenial clime. Those who would remain could then enjoy the pleasures that good sense and sociability give. But of the two colonies, we cannot decide which would be the more intolerable to inhabit.

Criminal Laws in Japan.

Criminal law in Japan still seems to be administered in a homely, easy style, free from the bondage to precedent which is found necessary in countries which have been longer civilized. A short time ago a man belonging to the Japanese town of Omi was convicted of stealing, and sentenced to be hanged. Three days after the execution of the sentence his relatives came with a coffin and applied for his body, but as they were putting him in the coffin the man came to life again. The relatives then attempted to carry him away, but they were stopped by the police, who again brought him before a magistrate. After much discussion, it was decided that, as the sentence had been executed, the man could not again be punished for the same offense, and he was set free accordingly, no one being hard-hearted enough to point out the fact that the Judge's doom had most clearly not been carried out.

Again, an obedient son, living with his aged parents, had a disagreeable wife, who made the old couple very uncomfortable. The son, in order to restore the harmony of the household, poisoned his wife. This act, though dictated by filial piety, could not be quite overlooked by the authorities. The man was therefore tried for the murder and sentenced to imprisonment for ten years, but, on consideration of the circumstances, the court decided that these should be spent in his father's house, on condition that he wore chains all the time.

Historical Items.

The earliest record of falling meteoric stones, or aerolites (air stones), is that of which Livy wrote when in 654 B. C., a shower fell on the Alban Hill, near Rome.

Masks were first used off the stage by the wife of Nero to guard her complexion from the sun. Theatrical masks were common among the Greeks and Romans. The real inventor is unknown.

The punishment known as "hanging, drawing, and quartering," is said to have been first inflicted in England on William Marise, a nobleman's son, in 1241, in the reign of Henry III. The last execution of this sort in England was that of the Cato-street conspirators in 1820.

The first stocking frame was invented by William Lee, of Woodborough, Nottinghamshire, England, in the year 1599. Tradition ascribes the origin of his invention to a pique he had taken against a towns-woman with whom he was in love, and who, it seems, neglected his passion. She got her livelihood by knitting stockings, and with the ungenerous object of depreciating her employment he constructed his frame, first working at it himself, then teaching his brothers and other relatives.

When any antidote or remedy for any particular class of disease obtains a wide-spreading notoriety, it is but reasonable to suppose that it must merit the popularity it receives. It is within our province to mention that Dr. J. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters, so long and favorably known as the safest and most reliable remedial agent for the cure of Liver, Kidney, Bladder, and Glandular Diseases, Mental and Physical Debility, and all complaints emanating from a corrupt state of the blood, etc., are in great demand. Satisfied are we of the intrinsic worth of this medicine, that we do not hesitate to notice it in our columns. It is well to mention that this medicine is compounded of roots, herbs, and flowers of California, and has no fiery material or alcohol used in its preparation. We can add no better eulogium than the fact that we use it constantly in our own family, and each member thereof partakes of it, when necessary, according to directions. —New York Paper. 34.

When George the Third came to the throne in 1760 the national debt of England was £130,000,000. The American war raised it to £260,000,000. The insensate warfare against the French revolution made it £570,000,000, and by the time Napoleon was safely landed in St. Helena the debt amounted to the inconceivable sum of £865,000,000. It may be safely asserted that every guinea of this debt was unnecessary. —James Parton.

An Outgrowth of Other Disease!

Catarrh sometimes exists alone, but is more frequently a symptom of other diseased conditions. The following letter explains it:—

COLUMBIA, Connecticut, Co., N. Y., Jan. 23, 1872. Dr. L. V. WISEMAN, Buffalo, N. Y.

DEAR SIR—Allow me to give you a brief history of the effect of your medicine called "Golden Medical Discovery" in my case. I am now in my seventy-fourth year, and naturally of firm constitution. Within the last few years, from over-exercise, I have been afflicted with a complication of diseases almost incredible to relate. In the first place, Catarrh, to a degree that, to me, it seemed that my voice passed out at the ears, to which was added its natural ally—Bronchitis, to which, at no great length of time, were added Neuralgic pains in the head and shoulders and bloating of the lower limbs, the most of which was superinduced by a torpid state of the liver. I had the advice of several eminent physicians, and tried almost every known remedy for such complaints without relief. A rapid loss of strength and waste of flesh, reminded me that I could not long withstand the combined force of disease which was fast bearing me down. I gave up all business, and resigned myself to my couch to await events. Not long after this I saw your advertisement, procured your remedies—I am now on the second half-dozen bottles of Golden Medical Discovery—have a good appetite, have gained fifteen pounds of flesh—no more talk out of my ears, no more bloating of the limbs, can walk two or three miles with ease, and feel that you have given me a lease of ten or fifteen years—subject, however, to the ratification of the Court above. That you may live long and do good to suffering humanity, is the sincere wish of

Your unknown friend, LUTHER COLL.

EVERY one knows that a cold or cough ought not to be neglected. Use Dr. Wisard's Pine Tree Tar Cordial, which can be had of any druggist. Dr. Wisard's Worm Sugar Drops are the best remedy for worms ever discovered. —[Com.]

The best investment—SILVER-TIPPED Shoes. Five cents laid out for Silver Tips adds one dollar to the worth of a pair of shoes. Parents try it. —[Com.]

READ THE *Yankee College Journal* for best facilities for a thorough business education. Sent free, by Ira Mayhew, Detroit, Mich.

Go to RIVERSIDE Water Cure, Hamilton, Ill.

DR. WILHOFF'S ANTI-PERIODIC OR FEVER AND AGUE TONIC.—Wilhoff's Tonic has established itself as the real infallible chills cure. It is universally admitted to be the only reliable and harmless chills medicine now in use. Its efficacy is confirmed by thousands of certificates of the very best people from all parts of the country. It cures malarious diseases of every type, from the shivering agues of the lakes and valleys to the raging fevers of the torrid zone. Try it! It has never been known to fail. WHEELOCK, FINLAY & CO., Proprietors, New Orleans.

A NOBLE ENTERPRISE.—By a bold innovation upon old theories, the National Surgical Institute, Indianapolis, Ind., has achieved a name and work of philanthropy most enviable. It is the great Bethesda of the nation. Thousands of the halt, lame and diseased; the paralytic, those with deformed limbs, spine and face, and those suffering with Piles, Fistula, Catarrh and Chronic Diseases, here find relief. Send for circular. —[Com.]

PERSONS requiring purgatives or pills should be careful what they buy. Some pills not only cause griping pains, but lax the bowels in a torpid, constipated state. *Parsons' Purgative Pills* will relieve the bowels and cleanse the blood without injury to the system. —[Com.]

It is a rare thing that physicians give any countenance to a medicine, the manufacture of which is a secret. About the only exception we know of is *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment*. This, we believe, all endorse, and many of them use it in their practice with great success. —[Com.]

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Are a modern stove polish, far better than any other in existence.

Are better, because they give a finer polish, than any other.

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Are the cheapest polish in the market, because one box of 10 cents will polish as much surface as 25 cents worth of the old polishes.

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Buy Crumbs of Comfort of your storekeeper, if he has them, or will procure them for you; if not, send us one dollar, your name, and the name of your nearest express station, and we will send you ten boxes, and samples of Bartlett's Blacking and Pearl Bluing, free of cost.

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1. It cures, not by abruptly stopping the cough, but by dissolving the phlegm and assisting nature to throw off the morbidity matter causing the disease. In cases of seated consumption it both prolongs and restores the life of the afflicted sufferer.
2. Its healing principle acts upon the internal surface of the lungs, penetrating to each diseased part, relieving pain, and subduing inflammation.
3. It cures and soothes the throat. Positively curing all humors, from the common cold to the most severe cases of Scrophulous Throat. Thousands of affidavits could be produced from those who have felt the beneficial effects of PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL in the various diseases arising from IMPURITIES of the blood.
4. It invigorates the digestive organs and restores the appetite.

All who have known or tried Dr. L. Q. C. Wishart's remedies require no references from those who have the names of thousands cured by them can be given to any one who doubts our statement. Dr. L. Q. C. Wishart's Great American *Worm Sugar Pills* and *Worm Sugar Drops* have never been equalled. For sale by all Druggists and Storekeepers, and at
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